The Hartford-ſhires Murder:

OR,

Bloody News from *St. Albans.*

Being a true Relation, how two Farmers living near St. Albans, and comming homeward from Hartford Fair, Octo. the 29th. were robbed by ſeven or eight Foot-Padders, of about fifteen pound; the one they barbarouſly murdered upon the place, the other they much bruiſed, and having bound him, caſt him into a Ditch, leaving him for dead: but he recovering ſome ſtrength, got out and eſcaped, and raiſed the town, who ſent out Hue and Cry immediately for their apprehenſion.

Tune of, Aim not too high; Or, Fortune my Foe, &c. With Allowance.

All melting hearts come here and take a view,
And mark this Story which is plain and true,
In Hartford ſhire a Murder late was done,
By wicked wretches who to miſchief run.

The whole Relation I ſhall now impart,
Although with griefe it fills my very heart,
That any Chriſtians are ſo void of grace,
As wilfully Gods Image to deface.

Two Farmers did near to St. Albans dwell,
Who went to Hartford Fair, to buy and ſell,
Both honeſt men, and well belov'd they were,
And had good credit all the country near.

Some cattel there they did intend to buy,
But finding that the prizes were too high,
They did reſolve to bring their money home,
Until a better Market day ſhould come.

But as they were returning home at night,
Some wicked Villains who did owe them ſpite,
And knew they money had, in ambuſh laid,
So on a ſuddain they were both betraid.

Out of the Ditches, or behind a buſh,
In haſt upon theſe harmleſs men they ruſh,
Who were almoſt got home, and thought no ill,
Much leſs to loſe their coyn, or their bloods ſpill.

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With clubs they knockt them down immediately,
And then to rifle them they streight did hye,
With cruelty, no pitty there was shown,
But what they found they quickly made their own.

But that which most doth grieve me for to tell,
What at that time so dismally befell,
That unto Theft they needs would murder add,
As if that one alone were not too bad.

One of these Farmers seeing their intent,
And that with bloody minds they all were bent,
For the Lords sake, my money take, quoth he,
But spare my life, I beg it on my knee.

But they were deaf to all that e're he spoke,
& with their clubs, his skull they pierst & broke:
Their bloody minds, though he for life did plead,
They would not leave him till that he was dead.

The other they his hands behind him bound,
And bruis'd him sore, & trod him on the ground;
Then threw him in a Ditch, as one quite dead,
And then with all the speed they could, they fled.

When they were gone, his senses to him came,
And he revid'd, although they thought him slain;
With much ado out of the Ditch he got,
And hasted to the Town in pain God wot.

The Town he rais'd, who all with one consent,
To apprehend these Murderers were bent,
A Hue and Cry they presently did send,
But darkness of the night did them befriend.

'Tis thought for London they did take their way,
And got into the Town by break of day;
But for the present, though they do escape,
No doubt but Justice will them overtake.

The murthered corps was fetcht into the town,
Whom all his Neighbours sorely did bemoan;
And for his children they did grieve the more,
Because their Mother she was dead before.

then for the Crowner they did straightway send,
To view this man brought to untimely end;
Where by the Jury it was soon agreed,
His death from wilful murder did proceed.

And sure it was a black and horrid crime,
As e're hath been committed of late time;
They could not with his money be content,
But took his life they were so bloody bent.

The other he hath cause to praise the Lord,
That so great mercy did to him afford,
That with his life he did escape away,
When as his friend was made to death a-prey.

Those wicked Villains who hath done this deed,
Enough to make a stony heart to bleed,
I hope e're long will to the Bar be brought,
to answer for the crime which they have wrought.

For why the Lord who sits above on high,
Will find them out, with his All-seeing eye,
They cannot scape who Murder do commit,
For blood requires blood, as 'tis most fit.

FINIS.

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